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# THE MORRIS BOOK SHOP

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*Impressions of Some  
Old Friends in  
celebration  
of the*

XXV<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY

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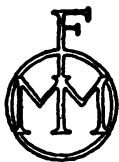






# THE MORRIS BOOK SHOP

*Impressions of Some  
Old Friends in  
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XXV<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY



CHICAGO  
1912



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## FOREWORD

Some weeks ago Mr. Wilbur D. Nesbit, upon learning that the current year was the twenty-fifth in the history of the Morris Book Shop, conceived the idea of gathering together a few reminiscences and comments, and presenting them to the "genial proprietor." He consulted with other friends of Mr. Morris (*vide* table of contents), and met with such instant and hearty response that the present booklet is the result. It became necessary, finally, to let Mr. Morris into the secret, in order to get from him certain matter, such as the lines from Eugene Field and other old-timers, and to arrange for a portrait as frontispiece. At this latter idea Mr. Morris balked vehemently; but he was eventually argued into submission. And he delegated to the writer of these lines the pleasure of being the vehicle through which to make formal, sincere, and cordial acknowledgment of the tributes herein contained.

Frank Morris has been accumulating friends, even as a captain of industry accumulates money—because he can't help it; so as the booklet goes to press, contributions of song and story are still coming in, making it a matter of regret that they cannot be included, though grateful acknowledgment is hereby made to all of those who would have coöperated in this tribute of friends to a friend.

*Laurence C. Woodworth.*

*Chicago, November, 1912.*

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## THE BOOK SHOP

Morris's book shop gets younger as it gets older. Here it is twenty-five years since Frank Morris came to Chicago from Indiana, and he has had a book shop ever since.

Morris ought to be a slim, ascetic, bespectacled, mild-eyed, benign old character, who glides around among musty books on dusty shelves. He ought to wear shiny, slimsy trousers and a nankeen coat. Yes; I shall insist on the nankeen coat. I never saw one, to my knowledge, but that sounds like the sort of coat he should wear. And his fingers should tremble as he reverently touched a cherished volume you wanted to buy. His book shop ought to be staged by Belasco. There should be dim light over everything, and Frank should be discovered down stage in the center, with a dull spot-light silvering his hair and illuminating his face with a sort of a soft religious radiance, so that you would be ready to weep when he speaks.


And there should by all means be a shelf of old books out on the street in front of the book shop, under a tree. Yes; under a tree, with a wide armed-chair beside that. And a nondescript dog should be sleeping beside the chair, now and then opening its eyes and thumping its tail on the sidewalk as if it wished to be polite but did hope you would go on and allow it to doze. And there should be a stern old man standing by the shelf of books, with a gold-headed cane tucked under one arm, which was doubled up almost to his

sharp chin so that he could read what was in the ancient book he held close to his sharp nose. And a handkerchief should hang out of the tail pocket of his frock coat, and a fringe of white hair should drop from under the back of his bell-crowned silk-hat. And he should hem and haw and look over his glasses at you and mutter something to himself about there being so many young upstarts and scapegraces nowadays that a gentleman could not follow a literary bent without annoyance.

But Morris is as plump as he was when I first met him—a matter of ten years ago. Maybe a bit grayer, but so am I, so I don't notice that. And he doesn't wear a nankeen coat or shiny trousers or reverently touch cherished volumes—so far as I know.

Morris's book shop is—well, it always has been and always will be Frank Morris. It is booky, but it is not shoppy.

When I came to Chicago—and I came some years after Fernando Jones landed at the foot of Wabash avenue—Frank had his shop over on West Madison street near Fifth avenue. It was a handy place to drop into on the way to the train. The first thing that struck me as odd about the book shop was a placard which said that you should nose around to your heart's content and nobody would bother you by sidling up and asking if you were looking for something. If there's anything that exasperates one it is to have a clerk ask him that. What in the name of time is he looking for if he is not looking for something? The placard



went on to say that if you wanted to find some particular book or needed any assistance or advice you might request any of the salespeople to help you, but that they were there for your convenience. Now, that's book-shop atmosphere.

When a person goes to buy a book he isn't in the mood he is in when he has to match silk or wants a package of breakfast food. He doesn't want a salesman dogging his heels and telling him that here is something that is very choice this spring, or here is something that is a great favorite with the best people. What he wants is to go a-booking. There is a fellowship with books which cannot be had with anything else that one purchases.

One balmy winter's night, when the mercury was sitting helplessly at the bottom of the tube, there was a fire on West Madison street, and next morning Morris's book shop was neatly frapped in congealed streams of water. Morris came down and looked things over and concluded that it would really be out of the question to stay in that building in its state, as he did not like draughts, so he moved over on Wabash avenue. Just at that time there was a right and a wrong side of Wabash. Frank got on the wrong side. So he moved over on the right side, in a half-basement room on the corner of Monroe just back of the Palmer House. No sooner had we become accustomed to this spot—it truly was a restful place to drop in and steal reads—the march of improvement made a flank movement on that corner and the building was torn down.

This was annoying to Morris. He had a fine place to hang up his street coat and hat in a corner, and there were different promenades from his store that might be taken on short notice with chance callers.

So he took his books and things and moved over to the Pullman building on the corner of Adams street and Michigan avenue. He put old Boccacio and Jane Austin and Mrs. Hemans and Balzac and other mental uplifters in their proper places, and on a balcony he installed a circulating library. Do you know that for two cents a day you can now read all the modern romances? Yes, sir, for the cost of a two-cent stamp you may carry home with you anything from a Robert W. Chambers They-meet-he-pops-they-wed chain-lightning thriller to a Henry James end-for-end puzzler.

But the best part of it all is that it is still the same old book shop that I first got into on Madison street. Almost the same old books, although several of them have been sold. But you can go in there after lunch, when you have half an hour to spare, and read as far as you can in any book you take from the shelves, and if you haven't time to finish it Frank will lend you a bookmark to put in the place where you leave off, so you may continue your reading tomorrow.

Morris himself is a great deal like a book. Possibly this has come from a life among them. He is easy to take up, all that he has is yours, you may visit with him today and then leave him alone for years if you wish, and when you come back you find him unchanged.

Twenty-five years is a quarter of a century. In that time Morris has mingled with the best writers going—and coming; he has seen the literary hero of a day give place to the next; he has seen the submerged ones come to the surface merrily; he has made friends and kept them.

And he has run his book shop his own way. It is Morris's book shop; no other man could make it what it is. When you and I are old, people will be telling about it to their grandchildren—telling of it as one of the wonder-spots of Chicago. And some day in the future there will be a tablet on its site, as nearly as the site can be determined. And maybe over in Grant park there will be a bronze statue of a good-natured man with an old book in his hand. Picnickers will eat their lunches about the pedestal and once in awhile some one will ask: "Whose statue is that?"

The answer will be: "Oh, that is Frank Morris—he ran the old book shop for years and years here, and always ran it in his own way. The book lovers missed him so, that they put his statue up here so that nobody else ever would forget him."

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

*Chicago.*

"Allah prolong thy days of glory." *Kismet.*  
With fond remembrances of Frank Morris,  
OTIS SKINNER.

## THE SHOP FRANK MORRIS KEEPS

*Frank Morris keeps a pleasant shop,  
Round in East Adams street,  
Where it is good sometimes to stop  
And give one's soul a treat;  
There sweet serenity prevails  
And there a man may find,  
When every other effort fails,  
Good cheer and peace-of-mind.*

*There one may meet old friends and new  
And all their riches share;  
There for a blissful hour or two  
One may forget to care;  
When other comforts are denied  
And other friends betray,  
There solace always is supplied  
To those who fare that way.*

*Frank Morris keeps a lot of shelves  
And many cozy nooks  
Where those who call may cheer themselves  
By thumbing worthy books,  
Where one may dream the poet's dreams  
Or learn the sage's lore,  
Forgetting rogues and roguish schemes  
And deaf to traffic's roar.*

*There one may turn from things that fret  
The soul or chill the heart  
And for a little while forget  
All save the pleasing part;  
There one, in sweet serenity  
Among good friends, may find  
The best life has to yield and be  
At peace with all mankind.*

S. E. KISER.

*Chicago.*

### TO FRANK M. MORRIS

*Believe me by all those endearing old charms  
With which your quaint shop is provided  
I shall honor the trade by whose help I have made  
A collection of freaks that's derided.  
And if you believe me—why then I've to ask  
That, till fortune betimes readjusts me  
With dollars and dimes for my yarns and my rhymes  
You still shall continue to trust me.*

EUGENE FIELD.

*October, 1889.*



## A LETTER

DEAR MORRIS:

If it is really only twenty-five years old I must have made its acquaintance when it was about at the first-tooth stage and I was well on toward the first-book stage, so bookishly speaking we were a fine pair of infants together. It is a pleasure to know we have both grown up to be a great deal more wise and useful than anybody gives us credit for, and here's wishing us a green old age. I would have said something earlier and much more to the purpose, but your letter caught me the morning of the day I was leaving for New York and I returned only yesterday, and, as you know, nothing intelligent is to the purpose while you are in New York.

Sincerely yours,  
WILL PAYNE.

*Paw Paw, Michigan.*

I may be wrong about it but it seems to me that there are as many, perhaps not quite as many, but almost as many cranks, dear busted lovable cranks, in Kansas, as I have met and seen during the last two days in Morris's Book Asylum.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

## A 12-POINT APPRECIATION

*Hand him the posies that are his,  
With this on top:  
He never called his place of biz  
"Ye Olde Booke Shoppe."*

B. L. T.

*Chicago.*

## BOOKS, RICH AND RARE

*O, lovers of books, rich and rare,  
"The Book Shop" has infinite treasure,—  
In which you are invited to share,—  
O, lovers of books, rich and rare.  
'Tis the cosiest place, I declare,  
To see it is exquisite pleasure;  
O, lovers of books, rich and rare,  
"The Book Shop" has infinite treasure.*

J. S. ZIMMERMAN.

*Chicago.*

## TO FRANK MORRIS

With hale greetings of his old Hoosier friend,  
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

## THE TAVERN IN OUR TOWN

Being ye said Tavern, kept long since by ye Olde Land-  
lord Frank Morrys

*It needs no bush, ye Old Book Shop,  
And asks no lofty sign,  
For many, thirsting, come and stop,  
To taste its priceless wine.*

*Ah, rare the vessels on these shelves,  
Which long in dust have stood,  
Would that our nicked and sharded selves  
Held vintage half so good!*

*The wine of life, the wine of love,  
The wine of smiles and tears,  
Lies in these vessels, treasure trove  
From Vineyards of the Years.*

*Ho! gallants all, who travel wide,  
Come, seek yon pleasant place,  
Where rich and poor sit side-a-side,  
Nor pay for tavern space.*

*What more doth any tavern hold,  
'Twixt here and Journey's-end  
Than this? which offereth Wine of Gold—  
Wit, Wisdom—and a friend!*



*It needs no bush, Olde Frank his Shop,  
Nor words of thine or mine,  
Ho! gallants. Hither! Here we stop,  
To drink th' undying wine.*

EMERSON HOUGH.

*Chicago.*

## A LETTER

MY DEAR FRANK:

What have I done to you that you should deny me the joyous privilege of telling the world how fond I am of you through the agency of this little anniversary book you're getting out, as I see by the Publisher's Weekly? I am sure none of those other chaps can be more deft than I, at embellishing the truth with lucious encomiums, nor more eager to do it in print. My imagination is so seldom at fault that I know I could portray you as you really ought to be—not as you are, of course—but as a true romancer would delight in describing you to the edification of countless readers.

Seriously, I wish you well. May your next twenty-five years be even more gratifying than those which are closing.

Let me see one of the little books when it comes out. I shall be greatly interested in it.

Your very good friend,

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON.

*Biddeford Pool, Maine.*

## A LETTER

DEAR FRANK:

Your silver wedding to the Book Shop is truly an event to be celebrated in song and story and I am glad to be one of the Olympian band who join in the feast.

But at a certain period of life anniversaries that imply the passage of a quarter of a century necessarily awaken solemn thoughts. I therefore contribute to your symposium a quatrain from a gloomy writer, whose virtuous verses for the edification of youth embittered my childhood. I think it was Dr. Watts', but the song has outlived the singer in my memory. You will observe it is annotated in the best style of scholarly editors of classic poetry.

*In Books, \* and Work, † and Healthful Play ||  
May my young life be passed,  
That I may give of every day  
Some good account at last.*

May your Pierian spring never cease to flow, nor  
your friends to drink deep of it.

Yours Sincerely,  
WILLIS J. ABBOT.

Chicago.

\* From Frank Morris of course.

† Enough to pay for the books and not a bit more.

|| With the aforesaid congenial bookseller at clubs—Athletic, Yacht, or Forty.

TO FRANCIS MARION MORRIS  
AFTER MANY YEARS

*Out of the blowy March, the anemone;  
From April, violets neath the misty skies;  
With May the first deliberate butterfly;  
And June comes roseate, with the bee;  
We smile and take their joyous lives as free—  
Unheeding; yet how sacred to the eye  
Are blossoms after snow; when suns on high  
Glint flowers of the frost, 'tis wizardry.*

*Youth has his friendships dear, unjudged, unwon,  
And takes them like the bloom and bees of spring,  
When spring is self, as rightful heritage;  
But friendship after years is like the sun  
On frost, the rose in winter blossoming;  
And oh, the friend of youth, how dear in age!*

WALLACE RICE.

Chicago.

BOOKS

*Sweet is the thought that the topic suggests:  
Though I've but a few and Frank Morris has many,  
If nothing but beauty and virtue were tests  
I'd own 'em all and he wouldn't have any.*

FRANK PUTNAM.

## A LETTER

DEAR FRANK MORRIS:

Tho Field has been dead these seventeen years, I find the remembrance and effect of his personality very vital.

It seems but yesterday that we were all together at the old Book Shop, each pursuing his fad of collecting, with Field advising and suggesting, directing or commanding, in proportion to the influence he swayed over us.

There never was finer, fuller enthusiasm than that which Eugene Field possessed. I have never met any since that quite equalled it.

I did not realize then, as I did later, that tho our ostensible purpose in visiting the Book Shop was the purchase of things along the lines of our bookish desires, the real object was increased association with Eugene Field. How many times have I said to friends, "Let's run over to the Book Shop. We'll be sure to find something worthwhile, and maybe Gene Field will be there."

If we could but say it now!

If we could only take that trip to Madison and State, descend those cellar stairs and, amid the bibliophilic lore that lined the walls and enriched the cases, greet dear Eugene Field.

Strains of the Horatian Odes, what a meeting that would be!

O dear Frank Morris, can't you picture Field,

seated in the center, like the minstrel of old, with Dr. Gunsaulus, Dr. Frank Bristol, Dr. Woolsey Stryker, Irving Way, Frank Larned, Slason Thompson, Dewitt Miller, George W. Cable, Harry B. Smith, Frank Holme, Opie Reed, Charles Eugene Banks, Will P. Visscher, J. W. Couldock, Joe Jefferson, Wm. J. LeMoyné, Ben King, Ernest McGaffey, and all the rest of us, hanging upon his every syllable as he told us, as only he could tell, of the "Happy Isles in the Golden Haze off Yonder."

Ever Cordially,  
FRANCIS WILSON.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER A PORTRAIT OF  
F. M. M.

*This is the robber, as sure's you're born,  
Against whose guile I fain would warn  
The bibliomaniac, tattered and torn,  
Who pauses to look at some second-hand book  
That lies on the shelf all covered with dust  
And is marked "four dollars, for cash—no trust"  
In a gloomy corner that smells of must  
Down in the shop that Morris built!*

EUGENE FIELD.

1888.



## A LETTER


DEAR FRANK:

Your Book Shop was the Exact Center of Chicago during my gay young years spent there, and I am delighted to know you still thrive and still have the love and co-operation of Chicago's men of quality.

It would be a pleasure for me to be represented by a verse in a collection which is to include contributions by Ade, Nesbit, Field, Kiser, Little and the rest of those old scamps, but so many years have elapsed since I tried to write in numbers that I fear I couldn't make good if I tried. So I'll just reassure you of my sincere regard for you and your shop, and forgive you freely for skinning me that time I traded you the first edition of Kipling's "City of Dreadful Night" for a lot of miscellaneous junk, and wish you many happy returns of the anniversary—as many as you want.

Down here in Texas we are so blamed busy fighting the Money Devil, selling vacant townships to northern settlers, electing governors and senators, vindicating Andy Jackson, brushing off mosquitoes, playing draw poker, enlarging our cities, and wiping off the sweat, that we have little or no time to devote to classical reading.

Sunday morning, just as I was closing the Chronicle's last forms, a piece of telegraph copy informed me of the death of Dan Burnham—and all of a sudden old Chicago came back to me with a rush—Dan's masterful construction of the World's Fair—John Eastman



and Hector of the Tribune reporting it for the Herald and the Trib—Dion Geraldine driving the huge gang of slavies on the grounds—Higginbotham presiding over secret meetings of world's fair directors and then coming out into the hall to whisper to the reporters what had been done—a kindly little chap, human in spite of his wealth—Pete Dunne being editor in chief of the old Journal—McAuliff (the best ever), on the helm at the Record-Herald—Mike Lane, the biggest brain that ever got toted through Chicago streets on a pair of sometimes wobbly legs, a great man unknown and unappreciated by his own town and his own generation—back of that, Teddy Beck, Leigh Reilly and Charlie Pepper preparing to go down with the hulk of the Evening Mail, sinking by the bow—Kirke La Shelle, the one human being who sent me any word of how my LaFayette Ode was received when it was read by a voiceless lady to 500,000 Parisians on July 4, 1900, or thereabouts, and so on and on—all the boys and girls, especially the girls, God bless them!—in the days when a man was really, and not merely technically above a dollar—and Ernie Graham bending above his World's Fair blue prints, up in the Rookery—Ray Brown and Charlie Lederer and all the rest of the illustrators—fine old John McGovern, scholar and cynic and philosopher and poet, extracting golden nitrogen from the soil for sordid publishers—Opie and Stanley and Bill Visscher—Edwin Markham coming through, stopping off for a day at the Press Club to discuss his skyrocket fame following publication of

"The Man With the Hoe"—six-foot Joaquin lecturing in vaudeville, gold nuggets for buttons on his bearskin overcoat, his subject "The Klondike," strange use to which our wheat-pork-muslin civilization put its master poet—"Cyrano de Bergerac" at the Great Northern, where Henry Lee by his reverential treatment of the spirit of the poet attracted all the poets and lovers of Chicago, while Mansfield, in the same piece at the Grand, drew all the silks and face cream and fashion, Mansfield surviving, in the way cash always triumphs (damn it to hell forever!) over romance—and Lee being forced out of the legitimate into vaudeville—Ernest McGaffey, the keenest, cleanest, most gifted of all Chicago's lyric poets, excepting only Gene Field—north side flats and west side flats and south side flats inhabited for a season—night walks down the middle of the streets, hand on gun, alert for the hold-up man (overlooking the fact we had on us nothing a hold-up man could want)—and all this fine comradeship, and youth with its glowing visions, and romance a-plenty, and the urge of the poetic impulse—and small wages with scant needs—and the privilege of standing at your counters to read the magazines when I didn't have the price to buy 'em—O I guess I won't see the likes of those days again, Frank old man.

You tell Henry Muir, the Hermit of Frog Hollow, otherwise Gross Point, Illinois, I said for him to write a verse for the Brochure, and he'll do it. Henry has written some of the most delicately beautiful, some of the most cuttingly satirical, and some of the most dam-

nably dull verses I ever read—like old Montaigne he refuses to slay his pen children, good or bad, but keeps and prints them all to tell his story of light days and dark ones—maybe he's wise. Anyhow, he has the gift of friendship—I'd miss his frequent postcard messages from the old stamping ground.

Or you can put in this disorderly fragment of reminiscence, and let her go at that. My love to you and all the boys.

*As ever,*

FRANK PUTNAM.

*Houston, Texas.*

## TO FRANK MORRIS

*Here's to old Bohemia!*

*Let us drink it with a vim,*

*And drown the petty cankers*

*That try to make life dim;*

*Fill the cups to overflowing;*

*Have done with every care,*

*And smiling drain the tankards*

*Each other's joys to share.*

Your friend,

WALLACE BRUCE AMSBARY.

## THE BOOK SHOP

There may be a few bewildered persons in the congregation who don't know where Frank Morris has his book shop now, but all the old book cranks know, in spite of him. Since the day when he broke into the book business in a little room at the corner of State and Madison, twenty-five years ago, we have followed him patiently and persistently from one location to the next one, up one street and down another. He couldn't shake us. When he burnt out and started up in a new place we found him again. He even tried running two book shops at once, in different localities. Same result. Finally, after a quarter of a century of frenzied endeavor, he gave it up and settled down in Mr. Pullman's celebrated Palace of Industry on Adams street, near the automobile race-track, known as Michigan Boulevard, where, at this writing, he may be found. Twenty-five years, beloved, is a long time . . .

*One of the things that we value here  
Wakes on the morn of its twenty-fifth year,  
And neither is feeling nor looking queer.  
If you note a flavor of mild decay,  
'Tis the rare old books, as one may say—  
It isn't the management, anyway.*

OLIVER WENDELL HUMS.

But there is one man who has stuck closer to Frank Morris than the old friends to whom reference has been



made in the foregoing reflections. That's Jansky. Good old Jansky! Frank Morris might possibly run his book shop without Anton I. Jansky, but it wouldn't be the same book shop. Jansky was married to the book shop twenty-five years ago, and this is His silver wedding, too . . . Garçon, bring in that loving-cup, or whatever it is.

### FINALLY, BRETHREN

(And with No Apologies to Anybody.)  
*There was a young man named Frank Morris,*  
*Who had a few volumes of Horace,*  
*And similar slop.*  
*He opened a Shop—*  
*He's rich now, is François de Maurice.\**

C. W. TAYLOR.

\*That isn't so! F. M.  
*Chicago.*

### TO MY GOOD FRIEND FRANK MORRIS

With all good wishes and kindly thoughts for his good self and grateful recollections of his unfailing kindness, patience and sympathy with distressed authors—a good soul and true, and an apostle of good literature.

CHARLES E. RUSSELL.

## A BOOK-LOVER'S SECRET

*In yon old shop there is a book,  
Wherein with joy I often look;  
On dusty shelf 'tis hid away,  
Marked with a price I cannot pay.*

*But, as with stealthy step I go—  
And do not boast this book I know—  
It long may bide: Oh, treasured shrine!  
Unbought, unsold, the book is mine!*

EMMA CARLETON.

*Written for the Morris Book Shop.*

## FRANK MORRIS'S BOOKS

*Frank Morris has books  
Both new and antique—  
Editions de luxe—  
Frank Morris has books  
In the cosiest nooks,  
Which book-lovers seek—  
Frank Morris has books  
Both new and antique!*

J. S. ZIMMERMAN.

*Chicago.*

## FRANK'S PLACE

Every morning, on our way to the galleys, we passed the little stronghold of culture.

We lived on the north side, where a free air came in from the lake. Starting from a zone that was one hundred per cent ozone, our long walk to the editorial dungeons led us through many city odors, some of which were curdled to the dignity of smells.

If we had been blindfolded and led along on familiar city trail, we could have called the corners and the landmarks because of the aromatic variations.

For instance, there was a German place just on the border of the residence district. A sweet-sour exhalation, of a happy flavor, used to come through the swinging doors and permeate the street until overcome by the smoky fumes of pitch from the new asphalt.

Further along, a suggestion of the soap works, plowing by invisible current through an alley, was pleasantly modified by the sharp, tangy odor spilled from a huge red building in which leaf tobacco was ground into a smoking mixture.

A mist of gentle decay hung over the sluggish river, but the first diagonal street to the south brought a quick assortment of most agreeable scents, all suggestive of the sunny tropics. Every doorway breathed of spices or coffee turning in a roaster. At the corner where the wagons were heaped full of bananas and the sidewalks were stacked to the awning with varieties



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of citrus, the redolence was heavy and almost cloying in its sweetness.

The neglected down-town pavements gave out a flat malarial vapor in the morning sun and a cold gust of rancid mud and mildew arose from the LaSalle-street tunnel.

Even the city hall had a character of its own. From the apertures we could get whiffs of dead tobacco smoke and a convincing proof that the crowd huddled inside should have been hung out for a thorough airing.

The odor banked in front of each cook shop was almost heavy enough to have form and color. We had to push through several of these strata before turning the corner to greet the delectable smell emerging from Frank's Place.

It was not a printing house smell. The latter is a rank composite of fresh ink and rag paper and lubricating oils.

Amateur smellers sometimes put all printed matter under one head in the list of factory sensations and do not distinguish between a book shop and a press-room.

There is the same difference that an epicure would find between a green carcass still quivering on the ground and a gamey cut that had been hanging and mellowing for many days.

Also, there is a difference between a common ordinary book-store (with the volumes still sweating from the bindery) and a repository for old books.

Frank's place was incredibly packed from floor to ceiling with books old enough to command respect and with private histories augmenting their value.

And so, there was embanked, all about the premises, like a still incense, the gently, musty, dusty, old-papery aroma of well-seasoned books. Air which is tintured with this refined essence becomes a soft irritant to the nasal passages, like good snuff, inducing the visitor to sneeze once or twice before starting on his ramble along the shelves.

Frank's place was a few square feet of St. Paul's churchyard set down in Madison street.

McCutcheon and I would look in and see the dim aisles lined with stationary loungers, all reading fixedly and no one purchasing. We wondered if Frank found it profitable to conduct a free reading-room.

We would inhale deeply hoping that some bacilli of inspiration might still be floating in the dust from the rare old volumes, and then we would hurry on to the works and do our daily grind of stories of the street.

GEORGE ADE.

*Brook, Indiana.*

## TO FRANK MORRIS

*I don't think the world is all wrong, dear Frank,  
Though I've written these poems so blue;  
The thing that redeems it from failure rank  
Is the friendship of fellows like you!*

GEORGE HORTON.

## A LETTER

MY DEAR FRANK:

I suppose—as usual—I am too late—but if I am, put the pome in your pocket-book and let it be a secret between us, old friend. Perhaps it were better that a way. Of your friendship, I have no fear; for you will feel the spirit through the letter. But others may be less x-ray eyed, and perceiving the lines alone will say—"what pity, 'an' pity 'tis, 'tis true, a splendid mind is here o'erthrown." May the twenty-five years, old friend, be but a single hour in a splendid day—God bless you and hearten you—always.

Thine,

KARL E. HARRIMAN.

*Philadelphia.*

## WHEN MORRIS SMILES.

*When Morris smiles, the world seems brighter,  
A smile so typified of cheer;*

*When Morris smiles, life's woes seem lighter,  
And heaven comes to earth anear.*

*We never ask, "Is life worth living?"*

*When we see Frank's dear, smiling face:  
The answer Nature speaks in giving  
That glad smile in this world a place.*

EARL MARBLE.

*Chicago.*

## A LETTER.

MY DEAR FRANK:

I never made a dash for the ink pot with a greater desire to open all the valves of my soul and "let her go" to my heart's content than I do tonight as I am about to write the following lines to you.

I have chased you and your good Old Book Shop for nearly twenty years—from Madison Street, to Wabash Avenue, and finally to the cozy nook on Adams Street.

Acquaintanceship has grown with the years into a friendship that I trust is as satisfying to you as it is to me.

Many times as we have sat together over the "brew" as we did last night, and talked of books (there is no freemasonry like the passion for books) and reminiscently of old friends, I have been conscious of a subtle comradeship and close intimacy that reminds me of that intimacy of old age which consists in comparing each other's attacks of gout! But we are not old, are we, old man? We live in spirit and not by decades. It should not really concern us whether we are seven or seventy, if in our hearts there is the singing of birds and the sunshine that mellows the tree top and the whisper of the winds that blow from far, far fields. And the twinges of gout are forgotten when I am among the treasured things in print in the Morris Book Shop, and while it is a pleasure to handle those rare tomes bound by Maroli or David or Trautz-Bauzonnet it

is a greater joy still to meet Frank in the recesses of the Old Shop, for whether we meet there, at the Press Club, at Vogelsangs, or elsewhere, I find the same gracious, cheerful, friend. A man every inch, brilliant, keen of wit, a dispenser of good cheer, living always with the memory of a happy, well-filled past, he is a host indeed!

*It is to feel a thrill of life serene  
Leap from the gladsome heart up to the brain,  
And blossom there into a glad refrain,  
When happy Morris comes upon the scene—  
Morris, the bookman, of the trade a dean—  
With whom good nature has perpetual reign,  
Seeming forgetful of the god of Gain,  
His human brotherhood so kindly keen.*

*All hail thou handler of the thoughts of those  
Who move the world with products of the pen,  
And guide men's thoughts in grander, higher ways,  
Whether in dainty poesy or prose,  
For thus in contact thou art happy when  
Thou livest in such touch throughout thy days.*

May Destiny have in store for you many, many more happy and successful years is the earnest wish of your sincere friend.

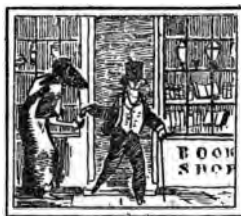
GEORGE F. BUTLER.

*Wilmette, Illinois.*

**LITTLE PRATTLE** or  
**Master FRANK's**  
**GUIDE**  
 TO  
**VIRTUE & EASY MANNERS**



Master Morris as a Led  
 playeth whipping-top a  
 manly sport.



Master Morris in  
 London



Master Morris in  
 later years meeteth  
 Martin Van Buren.

*Printed for Frank Morris who  
 selleth other books of all description for old and  
 young and who doth now celebrate the 25th anni-  
 versary of Ye Olde Book Shop in East Adams  
 Street where his host of friends do congregate.*

- Clare A. Briggs



BOOKS BY INDIANA  
AUTHORS

McGraw-Hill

Frank D. Morris  
with apocryphal last words  
of John F. McCutcheon -

